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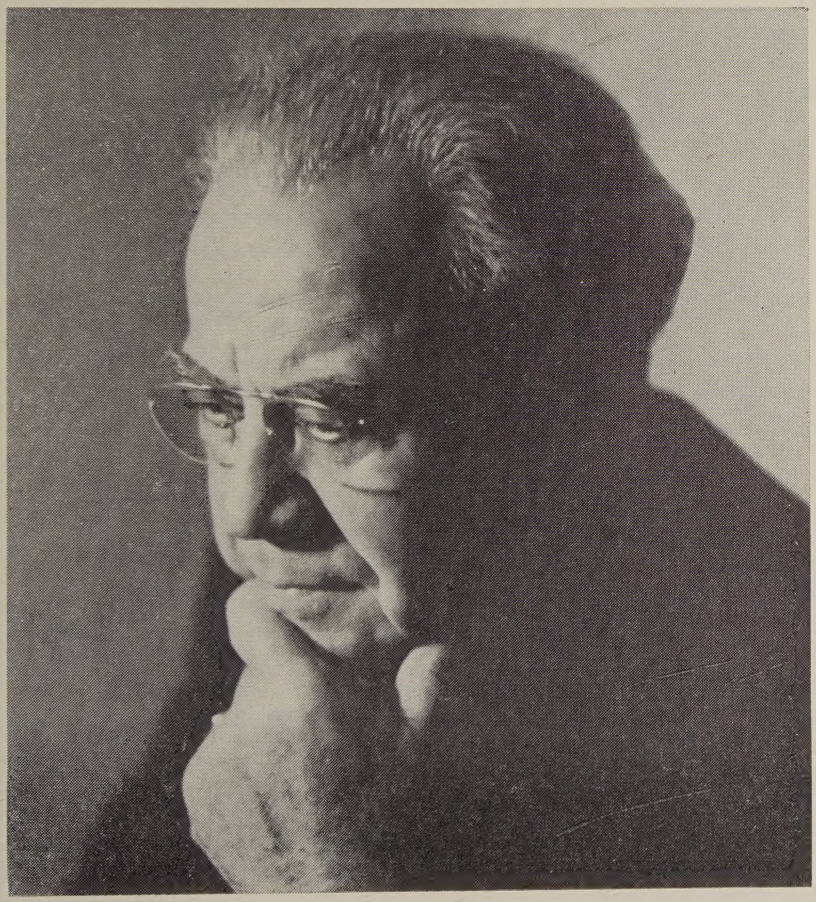
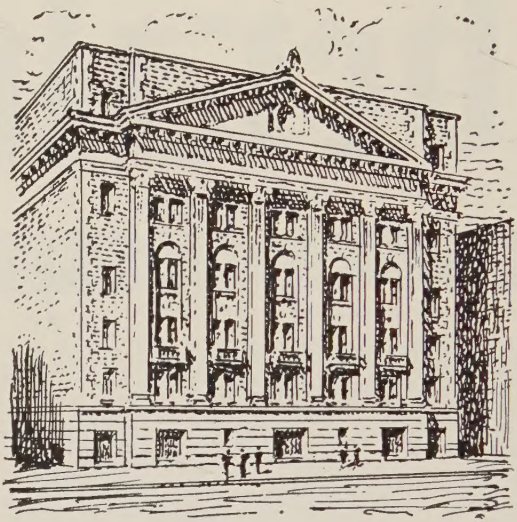


TO A TRAVELER

Wayfarer, wayfarer, wherever you are,
Lift up your eyes to the nearest star;
And knowing that others are lifting, too,
A part of their prayers into Heaven, for you.
(Dedicated to Dr. Bradley by Frank H. Keith)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Belfast
Thursday, 29th June.

TODAY is Jimmie's birthday. Birthdays have always occupied an important place in our family life, and fortunately most of our birthdays occur during the summer, when we are on the Island. Jimmie's birthday, which was always observed on the Island, was always a happy, busy day for us all, and on awakening this morning my first thought was of those birthdays so long ago.

I have lost track of the number of times I have traveled the Antrim Coast Road. It is one of the most picturesque and beautiful drives in all Great Britain or Ireland. This afternoon the Reverend John McCleery and Mrs. McCleery called for me and we had a perfect afternoon and evening together. We had luncheon at Cushendun, the little village at the mouth of the Dun River. Many artists come to Cushendun for their summer painting, notably the great Irish painter, M. C. Wilks. Mr. Wilks has an international reputation for his landscapes of Ireland. I was fortunate enough to meet him and to bring home one of his small canvases, which I shall always enjoy. He spends a great deal of time in Cushendun and I understand that most of his painting is done there. Cushendun is right on the sea and today was a perfect blending of sky, land and sea.

While at Cushendun we went up the Glen and called on the McCormick family, old friends who live there. They are farmers and one daughter is a teacher in Belfast. I always try to visit them whenever I come to Ireland.

Belfast,
Friday, 30th June.

Today is June and my ninth wedding anniversary. Except for our first anniversary circumstances have prevented our celebrating an anniversary together since that time. I sent her a cablegram which I hope she receives. This afternoon I wrote some letters and post cards and if I had many days with available time, I could not possibly get done all that I would like to do.

This evening I had a very pleasant dinner with the family of the Reverend Dr. John McLachlan, Minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast, and his interesting and remarkable family. He has three unusual children. The son Richard is somewhat of a musical prodigy, inasmuch as he has been composing and playing the piano since early childhood. Jane, the sister, is the most vivacious, lovely girl one could ever know; and Peter, the eldest, a graduate of Oxford, has an unusual mind and is looking forward to a career with the City government, and is now a civil servant in the City of Belfast. Joining us were Dr. and Mrs. Cooper, of Belfast. Dr. Cooper is Professor of Mathematics at Queen's University. Together with the Aunt of the family and Mrs. McLachlan, we had one of the most delightful evenings one could ever spend.

Belfast,
Saturday, 1st July.

Cushendun beckoned me again on this delightful day. Mr. and Mrs. George B. Horscroft, whom I have known for many years, called for me

and we went over the Antrim Coast Highway again. I made some pictures which I hope to show later on at church. Mr. Horscroft is an architect and Mrs. Horscroft has been a teacher.

I am retiring early tonight as I always do on Saturday night, though not always to sleep, for I think and plan about the sermons for Sunday.

Belfast,
Sunday, 2nd July.

I was awake early this morning — and a beautiful day! I preached in the First Presbyterian N.S. Church in Belfast, one of the oldest churches in the city, with a remarkable history. It was the only pulpit in Belfast that was open to John Wesley when John Wesley came to Ireland to preach. I never stand in that pulpit but what I think I am standing in the pulpit where John Wesley once preached a sermon. The congregation was most responsive and I enjoyed the service. I was delighted to see in the congregation my much esteemed friend, Dr. Frazer-Hurst, his daughter Mary and her husband, Mr. Rowan. I consider Dr. Frazer-Hurst (and he is so considered throughout Ireland) as being one of the finest of preachers. His friendship is one of the ties that bind me to Northern Ireland. We had a very happy dinner after the service at the Grand Central Hotel, which is within a stone's throw of the church, and Dr. McLachlan and his daughter Jane joined us, and this afternoon the Reverend John McCleery, Minister of the Dunmurry Church, called for me and we went out to the Manse and his church in the suburb of Dunmurry. I wish you could see the beauty of the Manse. Here the great Dr. Montgomery lived and died. The gardens surrounding it are beautiful. Trees and shrubs from all parts of the world have been brought during the years and planted there. They have been carefully cultured and loved all through the years and constitute a creative and inspiring garden.

This evening I preached again in All Souls Church in Belfast. I have lost track of the number of times I have preached there. The first time was in 1926 and I have been returning almost every summer since. The minister, to whom I have frequently referred, Dr. Arthur Agnew, has preached for me in our pulpit at home. He, too, has made an enduring impression on the lives of the people of Belfast, and is one of the best-known ministers in the city. He had a distinguished military record and was given an O. B. E. by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. At a time when Sunday evening services are usually poorly attended, not only in this country, but everywhere, the great congregations which gather in All Souls Church are a welcome exception. The church was packed tonight and chairs were brought in the aisles. Over seven hundred people were present.

It is a custom to have a coffee hour after the evening service in the Hall of the Church nearby. I went over and greeted the people there, and also met with a group of young people from Queen's University, with whom I had an interesting time.

Dr. Agnew's wife, Dr. Isobel Colwell, who is a practicing physician, had prepared a delicious supper for us in the vestry, and other ministers, including Dr. Frazer-Hurst, who attended the evening service, had supper there. We visited until quite late, and tonight, on returning to my hotel, I was so inspired by the congregation and the renewal of friendships and the beginning of new friendships that sleep may be postponed while I enjoy the glow of the day.

Belfast,
Monday, 3rd July.

My last day in Ireland this year! Mr. and Mrs. Clapham (he is the Manager of the hotel where I am) invited me to have luncheon with them. Dr. Frazer-Hurst called to say goodbye, as did Dr. McLachlan and Richard. Mr. and Mrs. Horscroft called at five this evening and drove me to Larne and the ship which is to carry me away from Ireland. We had tea at a hotel in Larne and then went directly to the ship. The ship sailed at 6:50 tonight, in the midst of a heavy rain and windstorm. It was a very rough crossing. It is not far from Larne to Stranraer, Scotland—a little more than two hours—but it was the roughest crossing I have ever had out of Ireland. I didn't mind it at all, for I love ships and I love the sea and the majesty of a storm. The train was alongside at Stranraer and I am retiring early in a comfortable Pullman car.

England,
Tuesday, 4th July.

I awakened early this morning, somewhere in England. It was light and I did not go back to sleep. The porter brought the inevitable and most welcome cup of tea to my berth. I thought about this day, our great Independence Day, and how all over the United States the people would be celebrating and observing it in our traditional way. I expect there will be no evidence of the day here, but I have been thinking of it and what it means, all day long.

I was in London at 9:40 this morning. I have forgotten just who it was, but someone has said—perhaps Dr. Johnson—that when a man grows tired of London he has grown tired of life. I believe that. I have three favorite cities, and I name them in their rotation in my affection: First, the city in which I live, Chicago; second, London; and the third, San Francisco. I am to spend the next ten days in London and am looking forward to every hour of it with pleasant anticipation, and as though it were my first visit here.

In listening to the BBC on my transistor radio in my room this afternoon, they did play Sousa's march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," in honor of America's Fourth of July. That is the only association I have had today with the Fourth of July. In this connection it is well for people who are critical of Great Britain to know that a statue of George Washington is in front of the National Gallery of Arts in London and a statue of Abraham Lincoln is in Westminster.

All my life I have been interested in Shakespeare and his plays, and I never miss an opportunity to attend a play by Shakespeare if it is possible to take advantage of it. Tonight in the Strand Theatre I saw the finest production of Hamlet I have ever seen. I have seen all the great Shakespearean actors of my generation: Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir Forbes-Robertson, Richard Mansfield, John Barrymore, Leslie Howard, E. H. Sothern, Maurice Evans and many others, but tonight I saw a young actor, of whom I had never heard, in the play Hamlet. It was the Oxford Players' production and it has taken the City of London by storm. Jeremy Brett is the young actor's name. He was trained at the Central School of Drama with Miss Evelyn Hall and Miss Iris Warren. He was at the Manchester Library Theatre and played at Old Vic in 1956 and 1957, including their American tour. I saw the Old Vic Company on that tour and, strangely enough, I have no recollection of this actor.

He has played in London and played

Troilus on Broadway for Tyrone Guthrie. From my recollection I had never seen him, but he gave the finest interpretation of Hamlet I think the present day theatre has presented. I was so favorably impressed by the whole production that on my return tonight I dropped him a note telling him of my appreciation. I hope the whole production will be able to come to America and the lovers of Shakespeare on this side of the Atlantic will have the privilege of seeing and hearing him.

London,
Wednesday, 5th July.

I took a long walk on the Strand today. Went from Trafalgar Square straight to St. Paul's Cathedral, and on the way did what I invariably do, stopped at the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, one of my favorite authors. One of the most famous churches in the world is nearby in the Strand, St. Clement Danes Church, which was badly bombed but has been beautifully and authentically restored and is now the Memorial Church of the Royal Air Force. I visited the church and sat in the pews and listened to the bells of St. Clement's. Continuing on to St. Paul's, I arrived in time for Evensong and was fortunate in having the distinguished Dean of St. Paul's, Dean W. R. Matthews, conduct the service. I have met the Dean on several occasions and read his weekly article in the Belfast Telegraph.

After the Evensong I had another interesting visit with Dean Matthews. The Dean is liberal in his theology and gave the Essex Hall Lecture a year or so ago before the British Unitarian Association in London.

Meeting unexpectedly old friends in far-away places always inspires the cliche "The world is a small place after all." That was demonstrated to me today when, walking along the Strand, a taxicab drove up to me and through an open window someone shouted "Dr. Bradley, Dr. Bradley." I turned around and there was Mr. Jack Veeger, who came to the United States some years ago and is now a foreign representative for the Ditto Company of Chicago. I went over to the cab and greeted him and found that he and his wife are stopping at the same hotel where I am. He invited me to have dinner with them this evening. In the hotel is also Per Nyholm, who I had met in Rome two years ago and met again in the lobby today. Mr. Nyholm is looking forward to a career in journalism and is Danish by birth and residence. He is now a writer on a Danish newspaper in Kolding, Denmark. He has sent me some of his articles written in Danish which I have had translated and they indicate an unusual ability in his chosen profession. Like all good writers he possesses a keen capacity for observation. I predict that his name will become famous in European journalism. He has never been to the United States but is planning on coming, possibly next year. The conversations I have had with him always reveal a deep humanitarian instinct. It is this attitude which we need more in the area of communication. He possesses an unusual, historical mind and one is always stimulated to good thinking in his presence. He is to remain in England for two weeks and is then going to the Continent for two more and then will return to his journalism work in Denmark.

London,
Thursday, 6th July.

Another surprise today, for when I walked into the American Express office, standing just ahead of me was Rabbi Richard Hertz, of Detroit. Again

the phrase—"It is a small world." Dr. Hertz is one of the most progressive and distinguished Rabbis in the United States and is a son-in-law of our own Rabbi, Dr. Louis L. Mann. He was there attending some sort of Conference. I hope to see him again before we leave London.

I never go to London that I do not take the river boat on the River Thames and go all the way to Greenwich, the time center of the Western world. The relationship between great cities and rivers has been often identified by the historians. Of no city is this more true than of the City of London. The boats are spacious and comfortable, the river traffic tremendous and the historical associations on both sides of the river as one goes along are expertly told over a loud speaker by a competent person. I haven't room to comment on what an interesting and valuable trip the Thames trip is. One sees Sir Christopher Wren's home, where he lived when he built St. Paul's Cathedral; the Tower of London; the interesting bridges and the old docks and wharves. Every mile of the trip is historically interesting and is a thrilling experience.

On my return I stopped in the park near the landing to listen to a most beautiful band concert which is given there every afternoon and evening. This is not an isolated thing in London, because many, many daily concerts in various places throughout the city are given for the cultural enrichment of the people.

Later I attended the Memorial service for Lord Winster who, as Reginald Fletcher, had a distinguished career in the Parliament. He was former Minister of Civil Aviation and Governor of Cypress from 1946 to 1949. The eulogy was pronounced by his old friend, the Lord Bishop of Jarrow. It was a most impressive occasion. The sadness of it was increased by the fact that Lady Winster is ill and has not yet been told of the passing of her husband.

The center of London of course is Trafalgar Square and, facing Trafalgar Square is one of the most famous churches in the world, St. Martin's in the Field. I am sure that no visitor ever visits London without visiting Trafalgar Square and St. Martin's in the Field. Thursday noon during the month of July a Noon Service is held. I attended today and heard the Vicar give an address on "Legal Religion vs. Christianity." The quality of the preaching in the British Isles, and I say this most kindly, is much higher than the general run of sermon preaching in the United States. The men spend more time in preparation, most of them have a finer academic background of basic scholarship, and always say something of significance and importance. The address I listened to today was no exception. The Vicar spoke for only eighteen minutes, but the church was thronged with people who had come in on their luncheon hour.

Bath,
Friday, 7th July.

The ancient City of Bath has a fascination for me. I went there today, where I was welcomed by the Reverend and Mrs. Sidney Spencer, two very old and dear friends.

Bath,
Saturday, 8th July.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer gave me one of the most enjoyable days I have had thus far, taking me about the ancient city. I have written before about the historical significance of this ancient Roman city, which still retains much of its historic charm and beauty.

I am retiring early tonight as I have a busy day tomorrow.

Bath,
Sunday, 9th July.

I preached twice today to fine congregations: this morning in the Trim Street Chapel of Bath, and this evening in the church at Trowbridge. In the congregation this morning were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. L. Sexton, of Philadelphia, who were table companions of mine on the "Mauretania" coming over. We became very well acquainted and I thoroughly enjoyed their association on the trip. Mrs. Sexton was born not far from Trowbridge and they return almost annually for a holiday at her home. When they found out I was preaching in Trowbridge today they invited me to be their guests and have dinner with them after church in Mrs. Sexton's home. Her father was Sir Reginald Blake, who served four years in India. He has passed on and Lady Blake now maintains the beautiful estate and is hostess to many, many friends, as well as members of her family in this country. She is one of the most gracious, winsome and lovable women it has ever been my privilege to meet. She has a charm and gentility that is altogether too rare in this present generation. Her home is one of the loveliest I have ever seen, surrounded by trees, shrubs and flowers, and a fruit and vegetable garden. I am not usually too hard to please about food, but when one has a dinner with fresh peas from the garden, potatoes grown on the property and chickens deliciously prepared, all products of the estate, and is surrounded by congenial friends (which included a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sexton, whom I had not met until today and who is spending her holiday with her) one experiences a deep feeling of contentment and satisfaction.

After the sermon tonight in Trowbridge, the Spencers drove me back to Bath, where we had a snack and one of our lovely, interesting and inspiring evenings together. I am retiring in a few minutes in the glow of having had a beautiful and inspiring day.

London,
Monday, 10th July.

Another proof that "It's a small world," for the Reverend Dr. William Clyde Donald arrived by air in London today and I was grateful to see him. He is no stranger to our pulpit and our work, and is having a most successful ministry in Bethel Church, Detroit, Michigan. His alert mind and his unique comments on people and events, together with his sense of humor make him an interesting personality.

London,
Tuesday, 11th July.

Spent most of the day in Earl's Court, visiting the Russian exhibition. Even though it was insufferably hot in London thousands of people mulled about the exhibition. My reaction tonight may not be justified, but to me it was one big, big piece of Soviet propaganda. I could write pages on my reactions, but will refrain from giving my comments until later on, when I return home. I did see the young aviator, Gagarin, who at home is a Soviet idol.

London,
Wednesday, 12th July.

Spoke at the London Lions Club today, at Cafe Royal. Met Commander Frank Manson, who is attached to the U. S. Navy headquarters in London, and founder of what is rapidly capturing the people who are interested in building a better world,—the Great White Fleet. I am going to say more about that later, too.

At four o'clock I attended a meeting of the General Assembly of the British Unitarian Association in Essex Hall, and was invited to speak.

I had dinner tonight at Schmidt's Restaurant with the Reverend John and Mrs. Kielty. He is Secretary of the British Foreign Ministers Association. Mr. Kielty is one of the most vibrant, energetic men in the free religious movement in Great Britain and is making a great contribution to the cause of liberal religion.

London,
Thursday, 13th July.

This afternoon I attended the unveiling of a plaque to Dean Inge, in the cript of St. Paul's Cathedral. I have always been interested in Dean Inge and heard him give the Lyman Beecher Lectures on preaching at Yale University when he visited the United States. The plaque was unveiled in the cript of the cathedral; the choir sang; the artist was present; and Dean Matthews spoke only ten minutes and gave the most comprehensive evaluation of the contribution of Dean Inge that could ever be given. I had a few minutes' chat with the Dean at the conclusion and expressed to him how much I appreciated his words.

Am in Southampton tonight. Mr. and Mrs. George Grieve invited me to go with them to see Mr. Grieve off to America on the "Mauretania" tomorrow.

Southampton,
Friday, 14th July.

Went to the "Mauretania" about eight this morning and it seemed like going home and strange that I was not sailing on her. I went aboard with Mr. and Mrs. Grieve, showed them about the ship, introduced them to the Chief Engineer and the Captain, showed them the room we usually occupy when we sail on it and as I stood with Mrs. Grieve on the pier and watched the "Mauretania" back away, I had a lump in my throat. Mr. Grieve is going on his third visit to America. Mrs. Grieve will join him later for her first visit.

We returned to London and tonight I went to see "King Tong," a dramatic production which has all London agog. I am going to comment on this later, when I return.

Oxford and Stratford,
Saturday, 15th July.

Spent all day today in Oxford and Stratford. Went out to Oxford by train and then by car to Stratford. Dr. Donald and Mr. Nyholm accompanied me and I was happy to have them because it was the first time in Oxford and in Stratford for both of them.

London,
Sunday, 16th July.

It rained all day today and this morning at eleven, I attended church in the City Temple and heard the new minister, the Reverend Dr. Griffiths, formerly of Ottawa, Canada. The old City Temple, founded by Dr. Parker, was completely bombed out in the interior during the war, and has been re-built. The facade has been preserved and from the outside looks as the old City Temple did years ago when I used to hear Dr. Norwood and Dr. Campbell on my London visits. The interior I have told you about before but had never attended a service in it since it was restored. It is worshipful and inspiring. There were plenty of vacant seats. The main floor was not half filled, neither was the balcony; quite unlike the crowds when Dr. Wethered was there. Dr. Griffiths is new, and I think his approach and his spirit will gradually make a profound impression upon the free church life of London.

I rested in the hotel this afternoon and caught up with some reading and writing. At 6:30 tonight I preached a sermon in the Strand Unitarian Church, Essex Hall, the Strand. This is a new church and is taking advantage of the opportunity of the spacious and attractive Hall in which to hold its services. The Hall is in the headquarters of the Unitarian Association of Great Britain. The location is just off the Strand and within walking distance of Trafalgar Square. I received the invitation from the resident minister, the Reverend Robert Taylor. I have rarely had a more responsive, a more interesting or a more distinguished congregation. The services were conducted with dignity and quiet effectiveness by the associate minister, Dr. Jeremy Goring, and the resident minister, the Reverend Robert Taylor. Both of these gentlemen gave me a very cordial welcome and a very gracious introduction and were responsible for the fine environment in which the service was held.

The President of the congregation, and who was present this evening, is Sir Adrian Boult, a name which to Chicagoans who love great music is familiar, for he has conducted the Ravinia concerts here. Sir Adrian is one of the best-known conductors in the world. He was very gracious to me after the service in his expression of appreciation. Also present was one of the best-known members of Parliament, the Right Honorable J. Chuter Ede, a former Home Secretary of Great Britain. Mr. Ede has spoken for me in our pulpit in Chicago on one of his visits to America and I was delighted to renew our friendship. I felt distinctly honored that he should come from his home into the heart of London on this rainy Sunday evening to hear me preach. He has one of the finest minds of any person I know and has had a distinguished career in parliamentary government. He is tremendously effective as a speaker and is in great demand. He has been a continuing inspiration to the cause of free and liberal religion throughout Great Britain and the world. He has served as President of the International Association of Free Religion. I have met him on many occasions and never without gratitude that I know him. Last year when I was here he gave me a luncheon in the House of Commons, attended by a distinguished group of members and friends.

I felt very much inspired tonight by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Veeger, of Chicago; the daughter of my dear friend, Dr. Frazer-Hurst, of Belfast, who lives in London; Mr. Per Nyholm, who is making such an exhaustive study of London; and many clergymen.

After the service tonight we were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Veeger to go to one of the most charming and delightful small eating places I have ever visited—a place called "The Copper." It is a little restaurant up a side street. One would never seek it out except for its reputation by word of mouth. There we had an enjoyable visit with old friends and new ones, and the day closed.

As I write these lines before retiring, I have only one regret and that is, that June and my sister Beulah could not have been with me to have shared the beauty and the happiness of this day. The response of the congregation tonight was as fine as I have ever had anywhere and it has cemented the ties of my friendship and love for the British people and the interest of Per Nyholm adds luster to the glowing friendship which I have with so many Danish people, both in Denmark and at home.

KEEP LOOKING UP!

50th ANNIVERSARY BAZAAR!

Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16th and 17th

Time waits for no man!

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR CONTRIBUTION?

Thoreau tells us to put solid foundations under our castles in the air. Have you helped our Bazaar castle by putting some bricks in the foundation?

"We appreciate aprons, towels, pillow cases, fancy goods and food products for the booths." Mrs. Harry D. Stone, Gen. Chairman.

There will be all these wonderful items for someone to win:

A Zenith TV
A Webcor Hi-Fi
Gorgeous doll and wardrobe made by the famous Mrs. Donald A. Raymond of Evanston
Singer electric portable sewing machine
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Dinners served both nights.
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Invite your friends.

Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and make this the most wonderful bazaar we have ever had. Let us work hard and have a good time making a success of our bazaar.

Get in touch with Mrs. Harry D. Stone, RAvenswood 8-7912, or bring your donation to the church office.

Your friend and Pastor,

Preston Bradley

"WALLS vs. BRIDGES"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
September 24, 1961

ARE YOU a wall builder, or are you a bridge builder? Are you building walls about your life, or are you building bridges in your life? These two words incorporate a very significant and a very important attitude as to whether life will be a beautiful thing or whether it will be an ugly thing. It all is within the compass of your own activity: whether you are going to build bridges or whether you are going to build walls.

As we glance back across the centuries that have been buried in antiquity and resurrect the early development of mankind, even from an anthropological point of view, we find that man has always been active either in building walls or building bridges. Walls have played an important part in the historical development of man. Those of you who have ever given any thought or attention to this subject of walls easily can recall some of the great walls that man has built down through the ages. You can recall the history of Babylon, and the walls of Babylon! You can recall the walls of Jericho, and the part in the development of a people which the walls of Jericho played in the life of a nation! You can easily recall, those of you who had biblical training in your childhood, the walls of Jerusalem and the wailing walls of that ancient city that down through the ages have played such an important part in the spiritual development of a great people! We can step into secular history for a moment and, of course, probably one of the most famous walls that any of us knows is the Great China Wall. That lives in history as one of the great romantic achievements of a people with a deep-seated and basic desire to retain their own identity and preserve their continuity without the infiltration of foreign influences. The China Wall was built to keep people out. That is its uniqueness, and that is usually accepted as the reason for building any wall: to keep people out! The China Wall which was completed and extended around the whole circumference of the Chinese Empire was a tremendous achievement from an engineering point of view, as well as the product of intense labor of thousands and thousands of people! But the wall was completed, and when the Great Wall of China was finished and those who were instrumental in the construction of that wall felt that their task had been finished there was a great wave of assurance, a great renaissance of security that settled down upon the Chinese people. And those who are familiar with the dynasty of China in those ancient days know how secure the Chinese people felt that "now we have a wall and that wall is so high and it's so thick and it is so strong that we need never fear the foreign devils who may seek to come in and destroy China." They developed a sense of security, a sense that nothing could ever matter to them, that they were safe for all time!

What happened to that Chinese wall? It was never conquered! No one ever broke it down, but the China Wall disappeared like a little drop of dew on the petal of a morning flower, it disappeared as though it were made out of dust or putty! Why did that wall disappear? Did anything happen

to the integrity of that wall in its construction? Nothing! It was impregnable; it was sound; it was solid, and every intruder who had come up to that wall was repulsed by the wall and the wall was insurmountable for that age! What happened? Why did the China Wall melt like butter as far as fulfilling its original purpose? And here is the great lesson of history; here is the lesson for the Roman Empire; here is the lesson for the Soviet Union in the wall building episode of contemporary life; here is the warning of human history! The Chinese Wall fell for the same reason that the walls of the Romans fell. I stood, but a little while ago, at that well-preserved remnant of the Roman wall in the north of England which you see as you go from Newcastle to Edinburgh in Scotland. They have restored and preserved a long section of the original Roman wall, and I stood and put my hands upon that wall standing in all of its constructive splendor as the great symbol of the inviolability and the invulnerable character of the Roman Empire! That wall fell, too! And every wall of human history that was designed for the selfishness of preserving power has collapsed, and every modern wall will collapse—it will become like butter and dust! Why did the China Wall fall? Because the wall wasn't honest? No! Because it wasn't built well? No! It was an engineering achievement. Why did the China Wall fall? It fell because the gate keepers who guarded the gates of the China Wall could be bribed and corrupted! The wall fell because the wall builders sold out! And what nature and skill and engineering and the work of men's hands did, the heart of man in its greed and betrayal and hypocrisy sold out! And the hordes entered through the China Wall because the gate keepers opened the doors, and they went in and the rest is history!

Why is it that there are so many historical illiterates today dictating the policy of the world, of people, and of nations? Don't they ever read history? Have they no concept of those primal forces that are operating in the evolution of civilization? Why do they indicate such a lamentable, tragic ignorance of the processes in human society? Historical illiterates! Since Mr. Khrushchev has given the agonizing experience to the world, demonstrated by personal episodes of suffering and agony almost unparalleled in the modern world, in that wall which he has constructed between East Berlin and West Berlin, a wall between a great peoples of the great Continent of Europe, I've often thought, why doesn't somebody sit Mr. Khrushchev down (if there is anybody who can sit him down) and keep his mouth shut long enough (and that I think would be a difficult task as well), but if somebody could only have access to Mr. Khrushchev and sit down with him and read to him a page out of the history of wall builders! Mr. Khrushchev, I hope, would come to the conclusion that he was fundamentally wrong!

Now what's the difference between Mr. Khrushchev's wall and the China Wall. And every other wall? A great difference! What is the difference? Up until the coming of Mr. Khrushchev walls were built to keep somebody out, but Mr. Khrushchev, like so much of Soviet ideology, has turned the thing right around. You would expect a certain facility with an individual who can do that (which he certainly possesses). He turned the whole principle of history and the building of walls right straight around! Of course, the materialistic emphasis of Communism

has always done that: black is white and white is black and, like all dictatorships, if you tell a lie long enough and loud enough people will believe it! That's the technique! That's the historical technique, and there's never been a tyrant who didn't use it, whether he was a Fascist or whether he was a Communist, or whatever he was, that's always the technique! And Mr. Khrushchev suddenly got an idea that you could build a wall for the purpose not of keeping somebody out, but of keeping somebody in, and the Khrushchev Wall is a wall of confinement! To keep somebody in against their desires and their wishes to go and be free! That's the difference between this wall and all the other walls of history! But the fundamental philosophy of the inadequacy of the wall is still there: no wall yet was ever high enough, or big enough, or strong enough to keep anybody in who wanted to get out, and it is sheer fallacy for the diplomats of the world to have an idea that you can build a wall around people!

How much more constructive and creative is the concept of building a bridge! Oh, if I had time to recall historically the results in the cultural and spiritual achievement of humanity by the bridge builders of the world! Those who turn their backs upon walls and who build bridges.

Who will live when the history of this hour is written in the life of man? Wall builders? They will be remembered only for the tears they've caused to flow! Who will live in the hearts of men? Those who have spanned with bridges of understanding; with bridges of tolerance; with bridges of love—the bridge builders! They are the permanent contributors to the well-being of man! Now I ask you again: are you a wall builder or a bridge builder? Are you trying to build walls between your fellowmen? Are you a wall builder in your home? Are you a wall builder in your church? Are you a wall builder by permitting pettiness and little things that have no great consequence in the general development of life? Are you building walls, or are you building bridges? What you decide to do as a workman, wall builder or bridge builder, will determine the future of mankind! As for me, I want to be a bridge builder. I shall never participate in building walls anywhere! In my country, my world, my church, my home, I shall build bridges!

BOOK CHATS

LOVE and Marriage. The varieties of love: passionate, funny, poignant, dramatic—for those who are already married. Margaret Cousins, Editor. Oct. 6. Doubleday, $3.95.

I've just finished reading *Grand Central Waltz,* one of the stories in Love and Marriage. It is so delightful it is like going on a glorious vacation, so different that you will remember it all your life. Why? Because in it two people did something unconventional in which there was no harm at all, which could have had a quite tragic result—but it didn't. The delightful part about it all was the doing of something so spontaneous because of an innate love of life and a bubbling joyousness that even the one who could

have made tragedy out of it was caught up in a realization of pure joy. Now that sounds like an awfully staid statement of a wonderful short story of only five and a half pages. However, it made my heart stir, for I was completely caught up in the joyous incident which I could so easily understand, for I am one of those spontaneous creatures. The women should love this story, perhaps more than men, for women more often possess this spring of pure joy inside them, waiting to come to the surface. Perhaps that is because the women also have to be prepared to stand pure agony. I know just from reading this one story that Margaret Cousins and all the authors she chose have prepared a volume we will all enjoy.

Margaret Cousins, the editor, was born in Texas and now lives in Manhattan and Montauk Point, L.I. Too bad the publisher didn't make her include one of her own stories in the volume, for she is considered one of the most expert, understanding and prolific writers of the romantic short story. Most recently Managing Editor of McCall's, Miss Cousins was also Managing Editor of Good Housekeeping for fifteen years prior to joining McCall's in November, 1958. Shortly after *Love and Marriage* went to press, Margaret Cousins was appointed a Senior Editor of Doubleday & Company, Inc.

* * *

The Undying Past, from antiquity to the American Civil War—Selections from the World's Finest Historical Fiction, edited by Orville Prescott, Doubleday, $7.50.

Since 1942, Orville Prescott's forthright, spirited, and occasionally controversial reviews have made him one of the most influential of American critics. His ardent enthusiasm for the best in historical fiction is equaled by his scorn for the many bad novels which have done so much to damage the reputation of a major subdivision of literature. He is the distinguished book reviewer of the daily New York Times.

Mr. Prescott has not only explained his choices in his introduction, but he has also written a brief essay on the art of historical fiction distinguishing between one of the novel's oldest and most admired forms and the dreary or sensational romances produced in such floods today. He has introduced each selection with a paragraph which identifies the circumstances of the narrative and places it in its proper historical background. He has assembled, for the first time in an arresting and readable anthology, the emotion, the color, the drama and the excitement of the past as they are re-created and preserved in the finest historical fiction.

Orville Prescott, a life-long student and lover of the best in this distinguished variety of fiction, has chosen forty-five selections. Arranged to form a panorama of the story of Western man from antiquity to the American Civil War, they include a wide variety of dramatic episodes, glimpses of typical ways of life, and introductions to many of the world's great men.

World-famous authors include: Defoe, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Kipling, Conrad, Tolstoy, Melville, and Hawthorne.

Contemporary writers and subjects include: Mary Renault on the disastrous Athenian invasion of Sicily;

Thornton Wilder on Caesar and Cleopatra;

Hope Muntz on the battle of Hastings;

Zoe Oldenbourg on life in medieval France;

Sigrid Undset on the Black Death;

H. M. F. Prescott on Anne Boleyn;

Kennth Roberts on Rogers' Rangers;

Conrad Richter on pioneering in Ohio;

C. S. Forester on the life of a ship's captain in the British navy of Nelson's time;

Thomas Wolfe on the Battle of Chickamauga;

The Dickens' selection is Monseigneur in Town;

Tolstoy's Borodino;

Sir Walter Scott's The Last of the Jacobites;

Herman Melville's They Fight the Serapis;

Hawthorne's Endicott and the Red Cross;

Daniel Defoe's The Sack of Magdeburg;

Thackeray's The Famous Mr. Joseph Addison;

Kipling's On the Great Wall;

Conrad's The Warrior's Soul;

Thornton Wilder's Julius Caesar to Lucius Mamilius Turrinus;

And about twenty-eight or more others.

Certainly your library shelves will be proud and you will be happy to own this book.

* * *

XII, Twelve Short Novels, selected by Thomas B. Costain, Doubleday, $7.50.

Thomas Mann, Thornton Wilder, Joseph Conrad, Edith Wharton, Leo Tolstoy, Henry James, James Hilton, Antoine de Saint Exupery, Robert Nathan, Jan de Hartog, Edward Streeter and John Steinbeck are the authors chosen. In connection with his selections, Mr. Costain tells us:

"A short novel results from the decision of an author to deal with a single idea or situation without resorting to the leisurely methods or the deliberate padding in what is sometimes called the 'blockbuster' type of long novel (an expression of recent invention in the publishing world) and without the teeming lists of minor characters which the Grand Tradition seems to demand. If the theme is sufficiently gripping or beguiling in conception, and if the author's treatment has been deft and skillful, it becomes a story of fine precision and even jewel-like perfection of form . . . To prepare an anthology of short novels is to immerse oneself in a long spell of pleasant reading on a wide and varied plane where the standards are high . . .

"It is probably true that it takes maturity in a writer to produce a good short novel. It is seldom purely episodic, in fact it will often cover a developing tension over periods of time. The author must be capable of leading readers into the story at the moments which count most but without neglecting the factors of past and future. This is something beyond the skill of so many who shamble through the leisurely narration of the less exacting long novel . . .

"I found all the books on this list as engrossing as when they were first published. Some of them I have read many times and always with the keenest appreciation. They offer wide variety in theme and treatment. It does not seem too much to hope that readers will find in them the same pleasure I have experienced . . ."

I have mentioned three anthologies in this Book Chat, because in this madly rushing world we who occupy it at the moment often miss so much that is good because we cannot find the time for it—so we think. How fortunate we are, then, to have these experts at selection choose for us worth while literature which we can pick up even at the late hour of retiring for the day and yet feel we have time to read it in its entirety without interruption. These

short novels vary in length from 34 to 106 pages, 798 pages in all.

The novels, in the order of the authors given are: Young Joseph, The Bridge of San Luis Rey, The Duel, The Old Maid, Father Sergius, The Turn of the Screw, Good-bye, Mr. Chips, Prisoner of the Sand, Portrait of Jennie, The Lost Sea, Father of the Bride, and The Short Reign of Pippin IV.

Nineteen books are listed on a flyleaf which Mr. Costain has written, the last few of which are:

The Conquerors: The Pageant of England, High Towers, The Moneyman, The Black Rose, Ride With Me, Joshua: A Biography (with Rogers MacVeagh) and For My Great Folly.

THE OPENING OF OUR 50TH YEAR

Never in all the years of my ministry in this church have we had a more inspiring opening service than our Opening Sunday, on September 17th. More than 1400 people were present. People drove in from Milwaukee, Racine, Gary, Rock Island and many other out-of-town places. I stood for over an hour after church greeting those who lingered for a personal word.

The Coffee Hour in Anderson Hall was packed to overflowing. Many were unable to be served, which we regret. The spirit of gratitude and love was present everywhere. The occasion portends a year of achievement. Unity and co-operation were evident throughout.

May the glow of this opening of our 50th year together lengthen over the entire year. My heart is boundless in love and appreciation for all who made the day so memorable.

Preston Bradley

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

I WONDER if our readers were as interested as I was in the editorial in last month's issue of The Liberalist. It was taken from a sermon of Dr. Bradley's in which he expressed some thoughts about *time*. Time is very important to Dr. Bradley in his busy schedule maintained day after day. Also periods that mark out time are important to him, such as fifth-year, tenth-year, twenty-fifth-year and *fiftieth-year* celebrations!

We make a great deal of twenty-fifth and fiftieth-year wedding celebrations, so why wouldn't one think a great deal about a celebration in connection with a fifty-year ministry in one church?

So it is that we are all eager to make this a memorable year in the church and in Dr. Bradley's life. These celebrations give such a lovely opportunity for garnering up our appreciation for service rendered—to show that it isn't all taken for granted, but that we appreciate the loving service, the effort,

(*Continued on page* 19)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

I WISH I could get people eased up a little. Every day I meet people so tense—blood pressure way up—arteries getting brittle—they have the whole burden of the world on their hands and they go through life that way, day after day, making life miserable for themselves and everyone around them; selfish, self-centered, cluttering up the world and clouding the atmosphere wherever they go. How tragic that is! They may not even be here the next day on this earth, yet they spoil today for themselves and for all whom they chance to meet.

The world will go along in spite of your tenseness. Not a thing that has happened is final; not a thing you have ever done is final.

Fill your mind and heart with the truth that you are in a universe where good, and fineness, and truth, and righteousness and honor are finally going to win. They are going to win in your life, in my life. You are a part of a universe where evil men, evil nations, evil principles, selfish greed, and every disturbing, interfering faculty against the advancement of man is going to be gradually and successfully overcome.

Don't clutter up the place where you live by your despondency and gloom. Make life beautiful around you. That is what my friend William Allen White did. He never left Emporia, Kansas. He always loved it and he made it beautiful by his wonderful philosophy of life. He gave his life and soul to Emporia. Then one hot day in June, Columbia University was conferring upon him an Honorary Doctor's Degree; and while waiting in line he turned to the gentleman near him and said, "I feel a bit out of place here; I'm just a small-town Editor from Kansas—my name is White." The other man turned to him and said: "Well, I feel a little bit strange too; I'm just a small-town Doctor from Rochester, Minnesota. My name is Mayo." Each of them modest, though great, had made the place around them beautiful.

RADIO MAIL BAG

(*Continued from page* 17)

the struggle, the disappointments along the way as well as the joys, the talent and time expended, the thought, the care, and all that goes into a dedicated life of service to mankind.

Many such expressions came by mail and telegram and we will mention only a few, as space allows:

A telegram from the Thunderbird District Boy Scouts of America, Charles R. Strong, District Chairman:

"Congratulations and thank you for your 50 years of service to the community."

A telegram from Temple Ezra:

"Dear Rev. Bradley, the spiritual and lay leaders of Temple Ezra salute you and your great congregation on the occasion of the arrival of your jubilee. We behold admiringly your achievements in the vineyard of divinity and in service to our beloved city, our great country and to all humanity. We all want to take this opportunity to thank you and the Peoples Church for allowing us to conduct our Holy Day Service in your magnificent sanctuary."

"Personally I wish to say that standing before my congregation at your pulpit the spirit of holiness welled up and inspired me as I reached my 25th season as an ordained Rabbi. Reverentially yours."

Ira Sud

A telegram signed Tom Jordan:

"Congratulations and may you have 50 years more."

A lovely card from Virginia, Minnesota signed "Anna and Kally," was from Anna and Kally Saari, former housekeeper and caretakers at the summer island home of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley.

One dear lady who has been coming to the Peoples Church since 1928 wrote a very long and sweet letter and sent some beautiful red roses for the Bradleys' table. She told of working at the World's Fair of 1893 for many months, of selling gowns in Field's French department to Lillian Russell and to Mayor Harrison's family. Widowed at 19, she worked and cared for a warbrother's eight children, working in two positions, getting only four hours' sleep a night. Now on old age pension she cannot attend church as steadily and faithfully as formerly. The letter was signed Katherine Martin, 4867 Kenmore Ave. The red roses were beautiful and it was a real sacrifice for her to send them we know.

* * *

From Mr. W. A. Johnston, President and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Illinois Central Railroad:
Dear Preston:

I have just returned from a trip out on the railroad and to points in the East, so I have just had a chance to read Kupcinet's salute to you on the beginning of your 50th year as pastor of Peoples Church.

This well-deserved tribute to one of my—and indeed one of all Chicago's—favorite people is heart-warming.

Congratulations and best wishes!

Warmest regards.

* * *

From Mr. George M. Crowson, Assistant to the President, Illinois Central Railroad:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have just seen Kupcinet's salute to you as you begin your 50th year as minister of Peoples Church.

I am sure you know of my great admiration and affection, and all of that feeling goes into this message of congratulations and best wishes.

* * *

From Herb Lyon, "Tower Ticket" columnist of the Chicago Sun-Times:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

It is indeed a pleasure to offer my warmest congratulations, both personally and publicly, on your 50th year as Pastor of the Peoples Church, and the beginning of your 38th year of continuous broadcasting.

I understand that you were out of town over the last week-end, so, in the event that you missed the Monday edition of the "TOWER-TICKER" column, I am taking the liberty of forwarding a copy with the item concerning your festive day marked for your reading approval.

May I wish you many, many more years of your wonderful service in the pulpit.

* * *

From A. L. Foster, Executive Director, Cosmopolitan Chamber of Commerce:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We understand that you are beginning your 50th year as pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago. We extend our congratulations and best wishes for continued good health and happiness in your good deeds.

Chicago is indebted to you for the many contributions you have made.

With highest regards.

* * *

From Flagstaff, Arizona, came this interesting letter.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is a pleasure to receive each letter or announcement from you, even though we must attend your services only through The Liberalist.

In the beginning of your fiftieth year as pastor and motivating spirit of the Church, we want to be among the many, many friends who are wishing you the happiest and most successful you have ever had. It is almost unbelievable that you have carried on with such vigor for so many years. Please—for the sake of the thousands who love and depend on you—please do not entertain the thought that it might possibly be your last! You have been given the spirit of eternal youth, and God grant you many, many more years of physical strength to continue your great work.

Enclosed is a poor substitute for the amount we would wish to offer; but we earnestly hope the time will soon come when it can be much more.

With our gratitude and sincere prayers,

Cordially yours,
Mr. and Mrs. John G. Koivunen

* * *

On the stationery of The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Illinois:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On behalf of the Grand Lodge, whose representative I was privileged to be at the Graduation Dinner at La-Grange on June 5th, I want to thank you for the beautiful and inspired address that you gave to our children which was equally applicable to the adults as well.

I am already looking forward with eager anticipation to next year, when I will have the privilege of presenting you with a 50-Year pin. It will be one of the highlights of my long Masonic career.

My secretary who is one of your ardent radio listeners, was properly awed when I said I sat beside you for dinner. I think she has a little higher regard for me because of it.

Mrs. Ross joins with me in cordial good wishes to you and Mrs. Bradley for your 48th European trip.

Sincerely and fraternally,
Harold D. Ross,
Deputy Grand Master

(Interesting to note that Mr. Ross

lives in Mt. Morris, where the plant of The Liberalist printing firm, Kable Printing Company, is located.)

* * *

A card came to the church office just before the service:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You will have forgotten me, but you were my speaker when I was the fourth President of the Colonial Coverlet Guild of America, in the Wedgewood Room, Marshall Field's. Your topic, "Louisa Alcott and Concord, Mass." I am bringing as a guest to the service, Miss May Reside, Asst. Consul of the United States at Halifax, Nova Scotia, who knows the ground you have covered this summer, especially Belfast.

I am now living in your neighborhood.

Sincerely,
Grace Graham Medirus

* * *

From the lovely Illinois Masonic Children's Home, Ninth and Goodman Avenues, LaGrange, Illinois:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to write these few lines to try to express how we feel about your taking time to visit us on Monday evening.

Many people left the Home that night the better for being present. Your humor, your seriousness, your personality, your sincerity, and most of all your firm belief in God and America left a very definite impression on our minds, both old and young, that will probably never be forgotten. I personally feel you have helped me to focus on my own responsibilities to these children and my own family.

Our next Grand Master, Harold Ross, covered it very well when he told you he had never spent a more profitable evening in his life. This is a man who has given much to the fraternity, his community, his church, his work and everything he has been exposed to. I know he is privileged, honored, and delighted that he was asked to present you your fifty-year pin sometime in 1962.

Our graduates, I am sure, wondered just what you could say to them that they had not heard before. Let me assure you they are not wondering now.

On behalf of the Board of Managers, the Graduates, and most certainly myself, we "thank you" for being with us. You will long be remembered here at our Home. May we have you with us again, God willing, in the not too distant future.

Sincerely and fraternally,
William Filson, Superintendent

* * *

Fifty glorious yellow rosebuds graced the pulpit on opening Sunday, sent by Miss Annie Carlson, who lives a long ways from the church, but was there this opening Sunday. She always listens in and before vacation time she sent these little verses to Dr. Bradley:

Dear Doctor Bradley,
Just heard over the air
That your church roof is badly
In need of repair.

Here I send you a token,
I hope it will do
A little help with repairs,
Before nineteen sixty-two.

From one of your listeners,
Who always tunes in,
WITH LOVE AND BEST WISHES
That you always will win.

The fifty golden roses, a beautiful token of loyal appreciation and good will, were much appreciated by both Dr. and Mrs. Bradley.

(*Continued on page 22*)

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE-JULY

June

(Broadcasts over WFMF, June, July and August, every day, Monday through Friday. Broadcasts on Sundays over WCFL at 5:45 p.m.)

25—Morning Service, First Unitarian Church, (Rev. E. Savell Hicks) Stephen's Green, Dublin, Ireland

Evening service, First Unitarian Church, Stephen's Green, Dublin

26—Address. Belfast Lions Club, Midland Hotel, Belfast, Ireland

27—Witnessed on TV in Belfast, the enthronement of the 100th Archbishop of Canterbury, and heard his sermon

July

2—First Presbyterian Church, Rosemary St., Belfast, Ireland. (Rev. H. J. McLachlan) Morning sermon.

All Souls Unitarian Church, (Dr. Arthur L. Agnew, O.B.E.), 69 Duncairn Gardens, Belfast, Ireland. Evening sermon.

9—Trimm Chapel, (Dr. Sidney Spencer) Bath, England.

12—Address. Lions Club, Cafe Royal. Address. British Unitarian Association, Essex Hall.

16—Strand Unitarian Church, (Rev. John Kielty) 1-6 Essex St., London W.C.2, England. Morning sermon.

JULY WEDDINGS

27—Isabel A. Rozema and John J. Dunne

27—Jerle Jo Dexter and Michael G. Taylor

FUNERALS

14—Mrs. Marion G. Lyle

21—Louis Gualtieri

Following is a list of our members who passed on during the summer and which Dr. Bradley read at the opening Sunday morning service, September 17th.

Mr. Roy H. Monson
Mr. Stanley Kredler
Miss Minnie Jacobs
Mrs. Hester Oakes
Miss Frieda Schmidt
Mr. Arthur E. Lund
Mrs. Nettie Besnek
Mr. Kenneth Sieberg
Mrs. Frank J. Meserow
Mrs. Emily Johnson
Mr. Harold F. Johnson

(Dr. Bradley read also the name of Mr. John Baer, the husband of our dear deceased member, Mrs. Rose Baer)

Mrs. Joseph Carroll, of Lombard, Illinois, wrote and enclosed a church calendar of Sunday, January 19, 1936, when Emerson Abernethy was Director of Music, with Burton Lawrence at the organ, and Harold Mellor sang the solo. The morning sermon was "What Now, America?" and the evening subject, "Are the People Too Dumb to Vote?" The letter follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

While going through my "treasure chest" the other day I happened upon the enclosed—and I just thought you might like to see it too. It brought back a great many happy memories. It was the first time I attended your church, and I found the service and your sermon to be most impressive. I just wanted to tell you that in all the years since then you have always been an inspiration to me. I rarely miss one of your broadcasts on Sunday morning. You always give me the strength and courage to live life victoriously.

Many thanks to you, and best wishes for your continued good health, happiness and success! Enclosed, a small contribution, wish it could be more.

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM

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941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum (November to Easter) Broadcast by WEBH-FM 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall. All classes meet September to Easter ..... 9:45 a.m.
There is instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. John E. Kolinen, Superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first and third Sunday of the month. Watch church calendar for announcements or call SU 4-5173 ..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club, Monday, Oct. 2, American Home Dept., Mrs. Roy Monson, Chrmn. "Sound of Music" by Eileen Sparks. Hostesses Mrs. Wyllys Hagen, Co-Chairman, Mrs. H. H. Lurie, Mrs. Fred Herrmann ..... 1:00 p.m.

Wednesday, October 11, Rummage Sale, Miss Edith Anderberg, Chairman ..... 9:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.

Monday, Oct. 16, Reciprocity Day. Literature Dept., Mrs. Chris Larsen, Chrmn. Book Review by a Surprise Guest Artist. Hostesses: Mrs. George Langlois, Mrs. R. F. Noble, Mrs. Zena Mitchell and Mrs. John Raven .. 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Oct. 30, American Citizenship Dept., Chrmn., Mrs. Wyllys Hagen. Guest Artist, Hilda Butler Farr, speaking on "My Visit With Grandma Moses." Hostesses: Miss Edith Anderberg, Mrs. Harry Giffing, Mrs. Roy Monson, Mrs. O. N. Naylor ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Opening meeting, Sunday, Oct. 8th. Dr. Preston Bradley will give a Travelogue on "The Ireland I Love," illustrated with colored slides taken in Ireland this summer. The public, men and women, are invited. Guest artist, Paul Green, soloist, recently arirved from England .. 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club meets Tuesday, Oct. 24th ..... 8:00 p.m.

Great Books Course: first and third Tuesdays, Anderson Hall, the Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler, Leader ..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, In Memoriam.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WFMF, 100.3—Daily ..... 10:00 a.m. and 10:00 p.m.

WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.

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The Peoples Church is very grateful to Mr. William Gage of Magikist Services for their cooperation in sponsoring the broadcast of the Chicago Sunday Evening Forum over WEBH-FM; and for announcing our Sunday morning broadcast over WLS in their newspaper advertising.

The latest report from WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co.

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